

Orange and Blue

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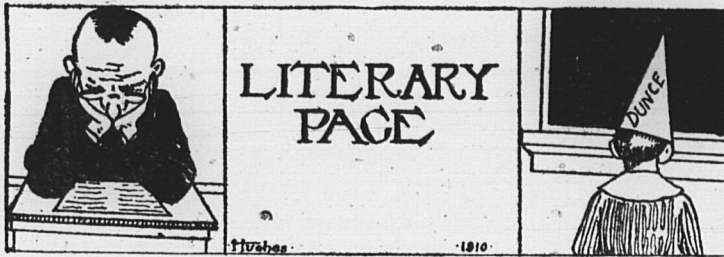
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Websterian Literary Society—W. W. Garrett, president; A. L. Young, vice-president; H. G. Smith, secretary; T. M. Francis, treasurer. Meeting every Saturday night at seven-thirty in Websterian Hall.





D. M. CLEMENTS, Editor.

"OUR TEAM."

Of all the teams since the birth of time
 Famed in story and sung in rhyme,
 That Auburn team of nineteen-nine,
 That lightning backfield and invincible line,
 Those flying tackles and the forward pass,
 Those swift kicks through the struggling mass
 Have doomed all teams in the dust for true
 And gained victory for the Orange and Blue.

P. B. B., '12.

HOW TOM BROWN MADE THE TEAM.

"Hello, Brown, are you awake yet, old man? I want to talk a little with you tonight."—the voice of Davis, captain of the varsity eleven of the A— College was heard in the hall. He was calling to Tommy Brown, the second year man and applicant for a position on the football team.

Brown, or "Old war horse," as the boys at home called him for his pluck and courage, had returned to his favorite college with high hopes and a fixed purpose, and that was to make varsity at all costs. In fact, that idea had been uppermost in his mind since he first left home. for he had often pictured to himself and his best friend and sweetheart, Mary, how, clad in a uniform and wear-

ing the insignia of his college, he would fight to uphold the honor and glory of his Alma Mater.

The first year, however, he was unsuccessful. Try as he might he was only allowed to play half-back on the second team, or scrubs. Tom knew the game, had courage and dash to spare, but he was light. The head coach had once said to him, "Brown, you are the pluckiest man on the field. I like your playing and I know that you would rather play football than eat, but your weight is against you. Why, some of the big teams we play would run over you every time." Inwardly Tom thought the coach was hard on him and that he knew better, but of course coach was not to be disputed.

As Davis, the big captain came in his room Brown felt his heart thump with expectation. "Brown," began Davis, "I want to see you make the team this year. You deserve it. As you know, we have only four more games to play, and the most important one, that with the Trinity eleven, comes next week on the campus. Some of our fellows are crippled, but we can hold them down. Now do your best, and I'll see that you play in this game. Good bye."

That was enough for Tom. Patiently he waited for the day of the game to come. On the field he became a marvel of speed and endurance. A few days later he received a letter from his girl, Mary, telling him that she would come to see the game.

At last the day came, a cool, breezy October day. Tom never felt more like playing football in his life. But his heart sank when he saw the opposing team. They were the most formidable bunch he had ever seen. He was not surprised when the coach did not call him to take his place in the first half.

Now the game was on. Tom thought he never saw a game so close. On and on the two teams pressed, now gaining, now losing. Both were evenly matched, but Brown thought he saw a weak spot around the left of the

Trinity team. The first half ended with no points made, while several men on each team were hurt, among whom was the star half-back of the A— College.

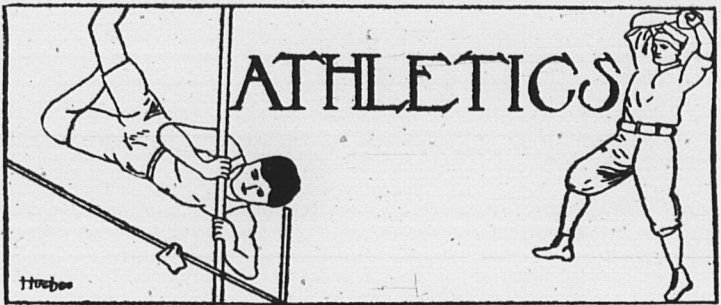
Here was Brown's chance. With tears in his eyes he was about to beg coach to be allowed to play, when the coach and Captain Davis came up to him. "Brown," said the coach to him, "You go in the last half. You must win this game. You are fresh. We are depending on you."

As Brown took his position on the field he saw his responsibility. There before him stretched the beautiful buildings composing the college which he was to defend; there, were the eight hundred students yelling for victory; and there among the spectators was his own girl to whom he had often boasted. He must do or die.

The second half began with a vim. Each team seemed determined to win. Brown never gave up. He worked like a deamon in the line and at tackling. There was no time to lose. The Trinity eleven was advancing fast when they lost the ball. And now Brown's team must make that goal. They failed to advance the first two trials when Brown was given the ball. With a rush he started around the weak left end and with splendid interference from his team succeeded in getting by. Down the field he raced with both teams at his heels. On and on he ran till with the last mad plunge he reached goal and scored the only touch-down of the game.

Mighty cheers rent the air when it was realized what had happened. Tom Brown did not hear them. Worn out by the anxiety and sudden exertion of the game he lay there a limp mass, till they carried him off the field. That night Captain Davis called to thank him for his work. His girl, Mary, told him how proud she was of what he had done—but what pleased him most was next day when the coach told him, smiling, "Brown, you have made good. From now on you are our regular varsity half-back."

—J. C., '10.



A. S. NOBLE, Editor.

Well, fellows, we will not say much about the Vanderbilt game. You all know the outcome of it, and even the details of the game from the matinee. But fellows you didn't get from the matinee an idea of how hard our men fought. Each man was playing with every ounce of his strength, and, although Vanderbilt beat us by the decisive score of seventeen to nothing, no Auburn man need be ashamed of the game played at Nashville. It was a good, hard, absolutely clean game, with plenty of the snap and ginger characteristic of a first-class football game.

Coach McGingan certainly has gathered a bunch of gentlemen as well as husky, good foot-ball men. The good spirit manifested throughout the game as well as the sportsmanlike manner in which the fellows of each team took their heard knocks was one of the most pleasant features of the game. The courtesy shown our team when any of our men were hurt was much appreciated.

Vanderbilt's first touch-down came in the first five minutes of play, after a forty yard run of Mettzger's which placed the ball on our three yard line. Vanderbilt was unable to score again in the first half.

In the second half she scored twice, making one touch-down in the first and one in the last part of the half.

A TECH MAN.

My collar bone is broken now,
My nose is out of whack;
I'm minus half an ear besides,
Once more I've sprained my beck.

Most all my ribs are missing, too,
I cannot bend my knee;
My left eye is puffed up so bad
That I can hardly see.

Those Auburn fellows sure are rough,
We got it in the neck,
One time I've had foot-ball enough,
I play on Georgia Tech.

—*Alex. Hicks, '11.*

AUBURN VS. TECH.

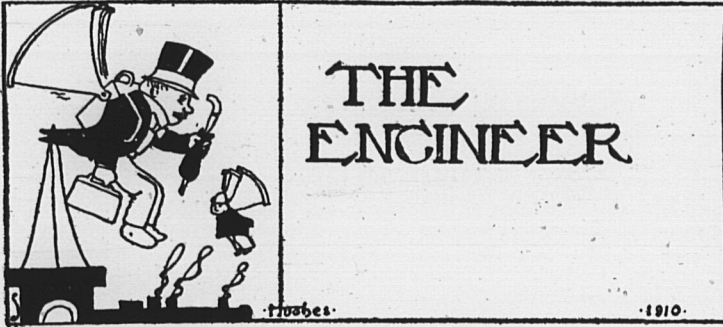
The Auburn vs. "Tech" game was a battle royal and although Auburn had an advantage of eight points the game was not won by any means until the whistle blew for the end of the second half.

In the first half Auburn goal was never in danger, the ball being continually in "Tech's" territory. In fact, Auburn repeatedly brought the ball up to within striking distance of "Tech's" goal, but it was then that Tech braced up and showed a stone wall. Towards the last of the first half Auburn advanced the ball to "Tech's" six inch line where they lost it on downs. Tech then took the ball and advanced it four yards on a line play. They next attempted a kick which was blocked—Harmon falling on the ball behind the goal line for a touch down. Reynolds kicked goal. ✓

In the second half the battle was fiercer. "Tech" got off several end runs for good gains while Hardage and

Hamn for Auburn gained ground pretty consistently. Both goals were in danger during this half but again it was only Auburn who managed to score. This second score came towards the middle of the second half after an attempt at a place kick from the thirty-five yard line. Wilson for "Tech" got the ball behind the goal line and stepped out then changed his mind and decided to touch it down. He was tackled and thrown behind the goal line counting a safety and making their final score, Auburn 8—Tech. 0.





A. L. YOUNG, Editor.

THE NEED OF TECHNICAL TRAINING.

That the importance of the movement for training the young men and women of our country along practical lines is beginning to receive the consideration which it so much deserves, is shown by the fact that last month a meeting was held in Washington, D. C. of the leading educators, manufacturers and others interested in industrial education, to consider this subject.

The meeting was held before a committee appointed by the American Federation of Labor, which is the first time that body has ever given this question any consideration. This committee purposes to provide means by which the sons and daughters of workingmen may fit themselves for employment in mechanical and industrial work.

This is only the first step in the solution of this question, but it is an important one, and it is to be hoped that out of the ideas brought forth there may grow a movement which will prove of great value to the young men and women who will in the near future be compelled to make their own way in the world.

We believe there are at the present time many men struggling with poverty and misfortune, who, if they

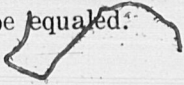
had been placed in a position in life for which their ability better qualified them, would be successful, useful members of society. We believe if the younger generation of today can be given the opportunity while at school of getting a little training along practical lines, and especially can be given a chance to try for themselves the talents which they may have along certain lines, and finding out for what they are best fitted,—this attempt in future life to adapt themselves to something for which they are entirely unfitted, but which circumstances place them in, and which after years of struggling to master they are unable to leave, will be avoided.

The ability to decide for himself what he can best do and with the most profit to himself, and with the greatest possibility of future advancement, is of the most vital importance to the boy who will be compelled to depend upon his own exertions for a living.

There is too much wasted energy because people are not fitted for the tasks they are compelled to do, and too much dissatisfaction with their lot on the part of workers who are forced to do work which is distasteful to them, and for which they have no adaptability. This condition might be avoided if the youths were trained in their younger days and were given a chance to prove to themselves what kind of work was best fitted for them, and which appealed to them as congenial and a pleasure instead of drudgery as all work to which one is not, must be.

THE WONDERFUL TWENTIETH CENTURY.

When the last breath of the nineteenth century was drawn nearly ten years ago it was thought that its marvelous record of industrial and scientific achievement could never be equaled.



The tenor of comment suggested the brief eulogium which Hamlet pronounced upon his father—

"Take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again."

The twentieth century was not born to great expectations. For what remained to be accomplished? The steam-boat—the electric light, the telephone, the telegraph, the sewing machine, the automobile—these had all been invented.

And, indeed, to human intelligence it did look as if the resources of achievement had been well-nigh exhausted.

But hidden in the quiver of the old archer there were finer arrows than ever left his bow.

Less than a decade has elapsed since the latest and youngest of the centuries was fledged.

And what has this precious youngster accomplished?

Wireless telegraphy, of which the nineteenth century gave us distinct and frequent imitations, has been successfully achieved by the Italian wizard—Marconi.

For it was twelve months ago that it plucked 800 passengers from the jaws of death on the Atlantic.

And the advent of another epoch in ocean travel was proclaimed.

The crossing of the English channel by Bleriot, the mid-air carnival at Rheims and the marvelous feats of aviation performed by the Wright Brothers have added another vehicle to the cars of modern commerce.

And if it be argued that the navigation of the ether is still fraught with peril, it must be remembered that the twentieth century still has nine decades in which to refine and perfect its products.

The experiments with radium have given rise to the wildest dreams on the part of scientific thinkers.

And the door-way to undreamed-of possibilities has been opened by this new magician among the elements.

Within the last few weeks the search of centuries has

borne fruit in the discovery of the North Pole. Not once—but twice—the conquest of the earth's apex has been announced.

And *when* is the catalouge of wonders to cease?

With the speed of thought we are bounding from one splendid achievement to another.

In the phrase of the day even the most arrant skeptic must admit that the twentieth century is making good.

It even challenges comparison with the nineteenth—tho less than one-tenth of the journey has been traversed.

At the beginning of the last century Fulton was navigating the water.

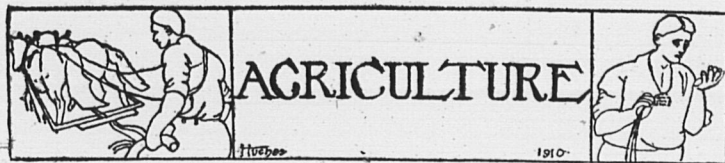
In the first decade of the twentieth century Wilbur and Orville Wright are navigating the ether.

One century presents the steam-boat—the other contributes the air-ship.

What steam was to the nineteenth century, electricity will be to the twentieth century.

And wonderful as the nineteenth century has been, it appears simply to have journeyed like the Queen of Sheba to behold in the revelations of the twentieth the still greater glories of the court of Solomon.





D. J. BURLESON, Editor.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL NUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the National Nut Grower's Association was held at Albany, Georgia, on October 12-14, inclusive.

At ten o'clock of the first day the house was called to order by the president, J. B. Wright of Cairo, Ga., and after the "Invocation," the "Welcome to Albany" was given by Mayor H. A. Tanner. Miscellaneous business was next attended to and after an interesting paper by President Wright, the Association adjourned for dinner.

The papers for the afternoon and evening were all very interesting as well as instructive. Among these were "The Relative Value of Pecan Growing," by E. W. Kirkpatrick of McKinney, Tex.; "The Larger Pecan Trees of the Wabash Valley," by M. J. Nibleck, of Vincennes, Ind.; "Pecans in North Carolina," by Prof. W. N. Hutt, Raleigh, N. C.; "The Hickory Nut Family," by Dr. R. T. Morris, of New York; "A Consideration of Nut as a Substitute for Flesh Foods," by Dr. G. M. Niles.

The second day of the Convention was devoted to visiting the orchards and nurseries in the vicinity of Albany. About nine o'clock the members of the Nut Growers' Association and many others interested in nut growing boarded a special train on the Atlantic Coast Line and soon arrived at the orchard of the J. R. Gill, a few miles South of Baconton. After carefully looking over his orchard, noting the varieties grown, how they were

propagated, distance apart of the trees, care taken of the orchard, etc., every one got aboard the train again and came back to Baconton. Here they found wagons awaiting them and they were soon on the way from the village to see the neat, well kept orchard of C. M. Barnell. In this orchard there are between 300 and 400 acres of pecan trees, that range in age from two to six years. They are well kept and some are beginning to bear.

On the return trip, about a mile from town, we came to a large magnolia tree; here we found Mr. Barnell's nephew and several ladies. We all stopped here to cool and eat cake and drink lemonade that they were awaiting to serve to us. We were cautioned "Not to eat too much" as we would have dinner when we got to DeWitt. The lemonade and cakes were soon "out of sight" and we were on our way to the train. A few minutes run and we were at DeWitt and we found dinner ready—a barbecue. An hour was spent in eating, two more were spent in going over the orchard and nursery of the G. M. Bacon Pecan Co. At four o'clock we all boarded the train for Albany. We arrived there about five o'clock, every one happy, but tired.

The social feature of the meeting was a "Smoker" on Wednesday evening.

Thursday was a very important day also, but the time for business was short on account of no evening program, as was announced.

The important papers were, "The Ups and Downs of a Seedling Grove," by D. C. Turnipseed of Flora, Ala.; "Pecans on Hickory as a Commercial Proposition," by C. P. Mundy, of Shreveport, La.; "Field Notes," by C. A. Reed, Washington, D. C.; "In Orchard and Nursery," by H. K. Miller, Montecello, Fla.; "Away from Home to Learn," by J. W. Canada, Houston, Texas, and "The Search for New Varieties," by Theo. Bechtel, of Ocean Springs, Miss.

The afternoon session was given up to the "question box," reports of the committees, election of officers, and a "final word."

After a vote of thanks to the city of Albany and the people who so generously entertained them the Association adjourned to meet at Montecello, Fla., at some time during the Fall of 1910.

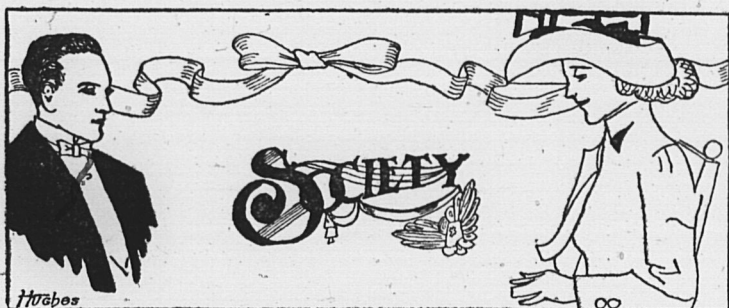
—J. T. W., '10.

President James J. Hill recently said, "We have almost reached a point where, owing to increased population without increased production per acre, our home supply will be insufficient for our own needs, within ten years, possibly less, we are likely to become a wheat importing nation."

Perhaps these words of Mr. Hill were meant for a warning rather than a prophecy. There has been a tendency among the rural population to abandon agriculture and flock to the cities. If this tendency should continue to increase, it is plain that we must soon become importers of the products which we could raise at home, or else increase the productive power of our land. Men have left the farm because they were not making enough profits. What we need is to make farming more profitable. The more profitable and scientific farming is, the more good farmers we shall have.

Already we have begun to revolutionize our agriculture. We are using more and better machinery, making draft animals do the work more scientifically, and by rotating crops are increasing the productive power of our soil. It is in this way that we are to induce our farmers to stay on their farms.

L. W. Shook, a distinguished member of the '09 Agricultural Class, made a short visit here a few days ago. He expects to return after Christmas and take up his work here.



W. MAC PERDUE, Editor.

On Friday evening, Nov. 5th Col. Patrick entertained his corps of commissioned officers in a delightful manner.

At 7:45 P. M. a majority of the officers gathered at Toomer's Corner, and as the clock struck eight they marched down to the home of Mrs. McNamee, where they were received by Col. Patrick and Prof. Mitcham.

Being strickly a military affair everything was done in a military manner. Many jokes were told that pertained to the experiences of the Colonel during his past years.

Shortly after the arrival, supper was announced and the officers marched in to partake of a supper, the like of which, had never before been seen at Auburn. The table was beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers and the walls of the room were covered with the beautiful leaves of Autumn.

The supper was served in courses, the first being a delicious oyster cocktail, then oyster stew, a salad course, ice cream, and fruit.

At the end of the last course an order issued by Majors Smith and Oliver was published, expressing to Col. Patrick in behalf of the corps of officers, their appreciation for his hospitality during the evening.

After supper the officers retired to the reception hall

where some inspiring talks were made by Prof. Mitcham, Lieut. Parrish and others.

This entertainment has helped to put the officers in closer contact, with the commandant and they will co-operate with him better in the future than they have in the past.

A most delightful entertainment was given by Prof. J. R. Rutland to his Sunday School Class last Saturday evening at Mrs. McNamee's. A novel feature of the evening was a game of conversation in which cards were distributed with ten subjects for conversation. Engagements were made for each subject and a bell announced the time to change. It proved a happy medium in keeping the boys and girls in circulation and every one seemed to enjoy every moment. The honorary guests present were: Misses Lucy Dillard, Annie Shivers, Emmie Rutledge, Miriam Burton, Mary Hudson, Annie Laura Dillard, Mary Drake, Hortense Rowe, Ruth Hudson, Annie Frazier, Rosa Cook, Pansy Frazier, Louie Dillard, Ruth Traylor, Anna Wilmore, Clayre Hollis, Lucy Little, Gatchell Cooper, Evans Harrell, Mollie Hollifield.

On Wednesday evening of Nov. 10th, a large audience had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Thomas E. Green, a famous lecturer. Mr. Green, so great was his personality and magnetism, held the undivided attention of the audi-

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ence. He was inimitable in his power of making dry statistics interesting. He held his audience in curiosity as to what he was driving at only to figuratively knock it over with the rush and force of his conclusions. His audience left fully realizing, with him, that the "Key to the Twentieth Century" that mighty lever which is to control all future times and destiny, is the young manhood of the United States. Speaking for the young men present, Mr. Green made us think, "What are we—you and I—going to do?" The future depends on us, for every individual and particular man in all America will exert some force on destiny. Each one of us is an atom of the "Key to the Twentieth Century," and certainly the behavior of the atoms will control the body. What are we going to do?

Misses Emma and Mae Harvey have returned from a short visit to Atlanta and are now entertaining a visitor, Mrs. Edith Littlefield, of Providence, R. I.

The "Clover Club," on the 9th, enjoyed very much the entertainment provided for them by Miss Miriam Burton, their hostess.

Mrs. Earnest Agrew, of Huntington, W. Va., visited Mrs. Nannie Wills. A reception was held in her honor on November 13th. Mrs. Agrew and her husband, Lieut. Agrew, of the United States Army, will shortly leave for the Phillipines.

Miss Erskine Frazier of Atlanta, is visiting Mrs. P. F. Williams.

Mrs. James P. C. Southall entertained the "Social Club," on the 4th of November. As usual, Mrs. Southall made some of her guests envious of her ability as hostess. There were several invited guests among the club. There were many beautiful decorations. A delightful course lucheon was served.

W. M. Avery visited relatives in Lanett on the 7th.

On Oct. 28th, Miss Lucy Little held a reception in honor of Mrs. Ross Roberts of Zanesville, Ohio.

Miss Lucy Dillard, a charming young lady of Washington, Ga., is the guest of Mrs. McNamee.

Mrs. Dallas Boyd spent a few days in Montgomery week before last.

Misses Nan and Willie Thomas are visiting their sister in Montgomery.

Mrs. Lida Thach, the charming mother of Dr. Thach, has returned from Birmingham, where she had been visiting her son, Mr. Robert Thatch.

Mrs. Buchanan, one of our most attractive young ladies, has returned from Atlanta.

Mrs. W. W. Hill, after attending the wedding of her cousin, Miss Dean, in Sylacauga, has returned to Auburn.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, of our Presbyterian Church, attended the Synod in Selma last week.

Mrs. G. M. Mitcham has returned from Atlanta.

Miss Pansy Frazier of Guin, Ala., is visiting Mrs. Stokes, her sister.

Mr. W. E. Willis, Assistant Southern Secretary for the Y. M. C. A., spent the 9th and 10th in Auburn.

Mrs. J. F. Dugger is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Ogden of the Central Presbyterian Church, in Atlanta.

Mr. Cedric Faber has been visiting his home in Columbus, Ga.

Mr. Joe Powell has returned from his home in Lowndesboro, Ala.

We were glad to have Mr. Devotee Ewing of the '07 Class with us for a few days.

Miss Ethel Mitchell of Florida has been visiting Mrs. Mitchell.

Mrs. Reeves, of LaGrange, Ga., nee Miss Susie Thomas is visiting Mrs. Lipscomb.

On Nov. 10th Mrs. Wiatt entertained the D. A. R.'s at her home on Gay Street. The decoration scheme was worked out in chrysanthemums, and was very beautiful.

Dr. and Mrs. Petrie, the father and mother of our esteemed Professor Petrie, have returned to their home in Virginia.

Mr. Spain, an Auburn graduate, spent a few days with us.

On the night of the supper given to the commissioned officers of the Senior Class, Company K, the privates of the same Class, held forth in some manner of mysterious entertainment of their own. Nothing but the most vague rumors have reached our ears, and their affairs is veiled over by a most mysterious silence. It seems that their party was greatly enjoyed for they wore their favors from it—and strange favors they were—only a little piece of blue ribbon.

On the 12th C. G. Gaum, W. C. Oliver, A. L. Young and J. A. Parrish left Auburn as delegates to the Students' Bible Conference which was held with Southern University, located at Greensboro, Ala.

The Grand, Montgomery, Ala.

Nov. 25th, 26th and 27th.

**Thanksgiving Matinee and Special Matinee
Saturday.**

Engagement Extraordinary.

HENRY MELLER

Presents his ALL-STAR Cast of Associate Players

—IN—

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

Positively the only appearance here of the Original Production and Number one Company.

TYRONE POWER AND THE ORIGINAL CAST.



R. S. BOYD, Editor.

Ouachita Ripples, Brenau Journal and The Concept held first place among the exchanges received this month. Very few Southern college papers come up to the standard set by these three papers. Keep the good work up, girls, and we are sure that there will be no kick coming.

"The Georgian" also deserves special mention, and when the roll is called, The Georgian will be among the best.

Could not "The Sewanee Purple" publish less about their foot-ball victories and prospects and still be a good college paper?

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of The Hustler, The Red and Black, Andrew College Journal, The Concept, Brenau Journal, Ouachita Ripples, The Sewanee Purple, Winthrop College Journal, The Piedmontonian, the Reveille, The Georgian, Birmingham College Reporter, The College Reflector, and Crimson and White. Thanks.

President—Why were you not present at chapel exercises this morning.

Rat—Well, you see it is only a day before exams. I could not waste the time.

Prof. Ross—Mr. Graves, what is H^2SO^4 ?

Graves—Carbolic Soda, sir.

Wanted by Lieut. Janney—A shorter route to Opelika.
Finder will receive a suitable reward.

MARVELOUS HAPPENINGS.

Cook and Peary discover the North Pole.
Leo Kling arrives at breakfast on time once.

A QUITE NATURAL HESITANCY.

Mr. Brown, looking for his wife, asked the cook:
"Bridget, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"
Bridget, evidently embarrassed, hesitated before replying.
"I think they are in wash, sorr."—*Success.*

THE BONES.

Hear the rolling of the bones—
Spotted bones!
How they drop and scatter mid
The laughter and the groans!
See them hopping, hopping, hopping,
Through the thick tobacco smoke!
Oh, how fast the "jits" are dropping,
See! another boy is stopping
And he's just about to croak—
Absolutely broke,
And my Ingersoll in soak."
Oh, the nervous speculation that
continually draws
Round the bones, bones, bones,
bones, bones, bones—
Round the laughter and the
groaning of the bones.—*Ex.*

Those beautiful Auburn calendars formerly sold for 75c are now on sale at Burton's for 25c. Take a look at them.

WHAT WERE THEY DOING?

It has been a great puzzle to the student body as to where Co. K hid themselves last Friday night. Wonder what they were doing?

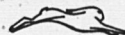
Wanted by the dormitory—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes, also a woman with one tooth to punch holes in the biscuits.

Rat Barr will be delighted to inform any student on the question of how to become a ladies' man. He has had lots of experience along this line.

Lieutenant Parrish (wishing to march Company K to the grand stand)—Forward! guide left! count off! Company attention! Colonel!!! Take this darn company."

Rat—(in Prof. Gaum's section of drawing)—"Professor, please show me how to make an A."

Prof. Gaum—Work like the dickens for about three years and if you're gritty you'll find out."



Editorials

COMMUNICATED.

ANOTHER RAT BUTTS IN.

"Freshmen need hazing badly," says Prof. Kleinsmid, the well known psychologist of De Pauw. In discussing the psychological effect of hazing, he advised that every Freshman be ducked and his high school ways washed out of him. The Professor said further: "Many boys come from high schools into colleges feeling their importance very much. The very best remedy for this self-esteem would be to catch such boys when they come out in their 'best bib and tuck' and duck them in the creek."

We agree with this as the best thing for some cases and for some colleges, but it also seems that where the college is full of the right spirit, that this somewhat superfluous energy is better directed and utilized than curbed. We are able to forget at times, especially when these things occur under our own jurisdiction, that such an expression is but a characteristic of the boy's development and that we may hinder or warp such development by impulsive and indeliberative action. *College is not a place for corporal punishment, but for mental and moral development.* We must expect "freshness" from a Freshman and try to help him, not by methods which have long since passed their usefulness in his career, but by the more dignified method of training along college lines, by the influence of his environment on his mental side.

Again, it seems to us that a student entering this institution who having served his freshman year in another

college, and been subjected to all the so-called hardships, privations and physical contortions that Freshmen are heir to, and made subservient and submissive and kept out of places of importance in the student body, should be advanced to his proper class and be entitled to all the advantages and dignity that any student of his class enjoys. If he has done freshman work in other college and has advanced in his studies sufficient to enter Junior year here, we think he should enjoy the same privileges as any old student of his class. We cannot see the consistency, prudence, and fairness of a bunch of students hazing their own class-mates, or a Freshman hazing a Junior or a Senior (or a Sophomore even) just because this is his first year in this institution.

If there is to be any hazing, let it be done only to the Freshman. But better still would it be without any hazing. Don't punish the Freshman, develop him; don't force him, lead him; don't curb his energies, use them, and teach him how to use them.

A LITTLE SARCASTIC.

"Twas Harry who the silence broke:

"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"

"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.

"Oh! no, because you're woo'd," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said,

"I have a heart," he answered low.

Her correction made the young man red,

"Because you're sappy, don't you know."

Once more she asked, "Why are you now a tree?"

He could not quite perceive.

Trees leave sometimes and make a bow,

And you may also bow and leave."

DREAMING.

As I sit here dreaming before my desk my thoughts soar to other worlds. I seem to see us two floating, drifting together through a myriad of soft lights and colors that tint and intermingle with each other, forming the most delicate hues—the soft pink flush of the rose shading into the most delicate lilac, the yellow of the amber and the ruddy red of the ruby. Surely there is a paradise in colors. Come little sweetheart, come, let's drown all troubles, fill our glasses with the wine of crimson hue and drink to the world of colors.

—G. H. P., '10.

REPETITION.

A rat was writing home one day,
Concerning board had this to say:
“Like ev'ry boarding place
It's rice and grits in ev'ry case,
With gravy mixed, while a review
Of this is sometimes the menu.”

IS FOOT-BALL REALLY DANGEROUS?

The season now closing has been an unfortunate one in that a number of men have been more or less seriously, some fatally, injured and as a result the antagonism to the game, always latent, but ever ready to become active has developed considerable head.

Comparative statistics, if such were ever given prominence, would show for the number engaged that fewer men are injured in foot ball than in boating, swimming, hunting, racing and allied sports, and yet objections are never raised against these forms of amusements. The annual toll taken by the foolish fireworks exploded in direct violation of fire ordinances creates not half the

talk that the rare occurrence of a fatal injury in foot ball does.

The most casual examination of the lengthy accounts of injuries, mostly minor, will at once make evident the fact that the great majority of accidents are found in the high school and prep school games. This then is the key to the situation: foot ball played under the proper restrictions, with intelligent coaching and keen-eyed officials is as innocuous as any red-blooded sport. To be sure it is a *man's* game and as such, more or less rough. I may point out from the experience of a number of years at the game both in prep school and college that only rarely is a man injured where good coaching and proper supervision is exercised. It needs only a reference to the gruelling contests between Varsity and scrubs which daily occur at a hundred colleges throughout the season to show the effect of watchfulness and care in training in preventing accidents.

A yellow press, quick to dash into blood-curdling headlines is largely responsible for an adverse public sentiment in the matter. A careful campaign of education along the lines of placing the facts before the public should be the aim of the college papers and the magazines devoted to the sports.

The yelling contest between the Seniors and the Sophomores was rather amusing. This contest took place while the classes were being arranged for a group picture of the student-body and professors. The Seniors foolishly undertook to get in this hot-air race with these ex-sub-freshmen, but every time the Sophomores without did the Senior's philosophy.

It was somewhat of a surprise when the formation of the new company was announced the other day; though at the first of the year on account of the large increase of attendance, everyone was positive that the letter G must

be added to our military alphabet in that it was to designate the seventh drilling company of the regiment. The surprise was caused by the delay in the organization of this unit. All the companies were crowded beyond their capacity to do efficient drilling. One or two of the companies had passed the 100 mark in enrollment, while all listed more than 90 men. The very large companies were difficult for the captains to handle and train in the proper manner. This addition improves conditions a great deal. The lack in size of our drill field probably caused the delay in the organization of this new company, which the able military officer, Capt. Spearman, is to command.

INCENDIARISM VS. ATHLETICS.

This caption rightly expresses the sentiment that animated the outbreak of lawlessness accompanying the celebration of the signal victory over the Georgia Tech team: it surely is a case of the incendiary *against* Athletics.

The feeling of those in authority concerning intercollegiate contests is by no means unanimous in favor of their continuance and occurrences such as referred to above give a pretext, if not a reason for the speedy abolition of such events, and it behooves the entire student body to beware of committing any act which will emasculate our college athletics by the elimination of those contests without which college life would be only a grind of intellectual activity, unrelieved by the beneficial relaxation of both spectators and players in the games which have for their *raison d'être* the keeping up of the 'college spirit' in its strongest forms.

However much it may be argued that such acts are the natural outpourings of the exuberance of youth, it will be difficult in the extreme to convince the cool calculating world of the verity of the statement, particularly the

large per cent of it that have had no college training and but little sympathy for the college bred man.

Let us hope then that the lesson of two weeks ago may be learned once and for all time. *It seems to be given to each college generation to play the fool once but the scoundrel never. Verbum sat.*

IS IT REALLY A YOUNG MAN'S AGE?

The action of the federal weather bureau in intimating that henceforth old men will cease to occupy important positions in the service has revived the ancient controversy that once raged round the hapless remark dropped by Dr. Osler.

We are told times without number, and in a manner most oracular, that this is a young man's age. We are cited the young men in business and the professions as evidence of the tendency to relegate the gray-heads to the background, and the subject is good for an indefinite number of pathetic preachments.

As a matter of demonstrable fact, this is no more exclusively a young man's age than any previous era in history.

At all times and in all periods the call has been for ability, for strength and experience to bear the world's burdens, to solve humanity's problems, to fight the battles of peace and of war.

And in the response to the call, the man of elderly years has been relatively as prevalent as the youngster.

It is inevitable, of course, that as men grow less keen of eye and more conservative in action, they should be relieved from duty on the firing line and set to tasks perhaps not quite as militant, but in themselves as intrinsically important.

The spectacle offers nothing new in the history of the world. Always the young man has been to the fore in work that required an intensity of energy, lightning men-

tality and mobility of temperament, whether in contending for supremacy with our ancient animal foes or taking a fall out of the trusts in this very good year of our Lord.

But that does not mean that the man of matured years and silvered hair has reached the limits of his usefulness. He does not make as much noise, perhaps, as the younger contingent, but he is there just the same, plodding along, ripened and made sturdy and enduring by hard-bought wisdom and acting as a fly-wheel for the hasty activities of the more impetuous spirits.

Even the spectacle of great corporations generally giving young men right-of-way is not strange, unique or unnatural. With due allowance, of course, for changed economic conditions, it has prevailed throughout the centuries. And we believe that investigation would reveal that the hardships it entails are greatly exaggerated.

Ability and endurance and experience have a market value at whatever age. A calling of the roll, moreover, of the men instrumental today in American finance and industry and politics would disclose the posts of greatest responsibility held by men ranging well up toward the scriptural limitations.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

IDEALS.

One of the greatest forces in shaping the career of man is the picture making side of his nature. This "building of castles in Spain" is often discounted by the so-called practical man. But whatever this man has accomplished is due largely to what he one time pictured himself as doing.

All men get out of the stern realities of life sometimes and dwell for a short time at least in the idealistic world. This is true, especially of the youthful age. The child dreams its happy day away. Pictures of future usefulness and glory are constantly floating before the mind of the lad. These pictures leave their impressions. Some

of them remain very vividly and become the guiding principle of future years in the life of the man. The power of a high ideal in moulding the life can hardly be overestimated.

After Abraham Lincoln had become the foremost figure of the United States government he was often asked why he never partook of strong drink with his associates at the many banquets in the White House. He invariably replied, "When I stood by the bedside of my dying mother I promised her to forever keep my lips sealed against all intoxicating drinks. I was then eighteen years old. I consider that promise as binding today as on the day it was made." The ideal of honesty still illumed the pathway of "Honest Abe." So it is with all truly great characters. The ideals of their boyhood and young manhood are the heralds and promoters of their achievements.

Day after day high ideals are held up before college students, association with the learned and upright professors, the examples and influence of chums and friends, and the voice of the great character of the past revealed in the study of literature. All appeal to the better side of the students and are a source of help and inspiration. The poet spoke truly when he said:

"Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And departing leave behind us

Foot-prints on the sands of time."

We wish to express our most grateful thanks to Mr. C. G. Gaum for interesting contributions to this issue.

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ATTENDANCE: The attendance last year was 617, representing twelve States and two foreign countries; 66 counties of Alabama being represented

LOCATION: The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the line of the Western Railroad.

BOARDING: The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board with families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

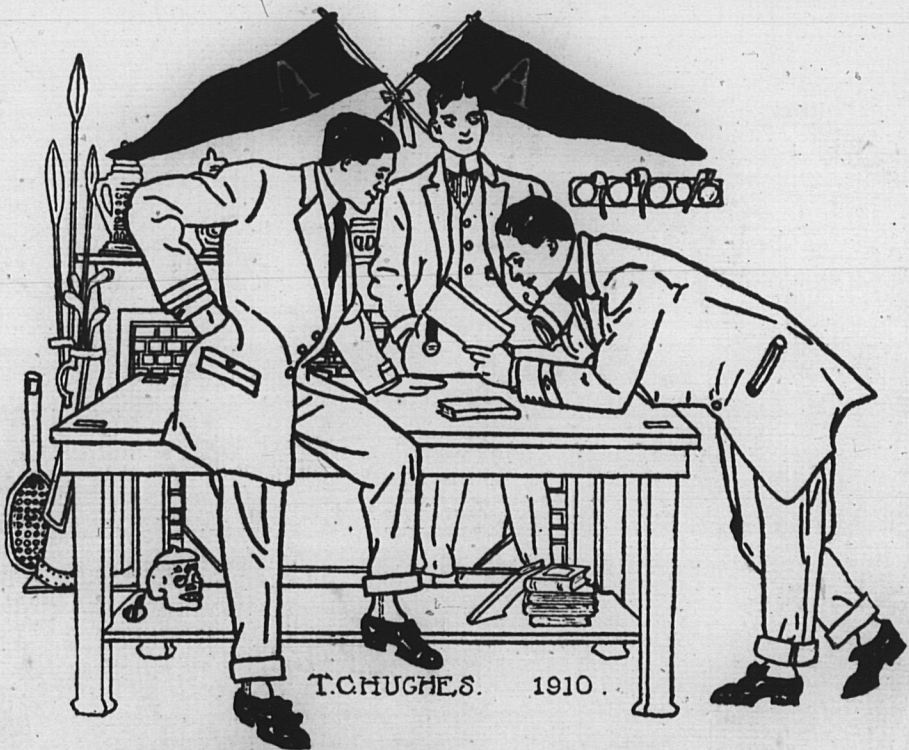
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Chas C. Thach, A. M., LL. D.
President

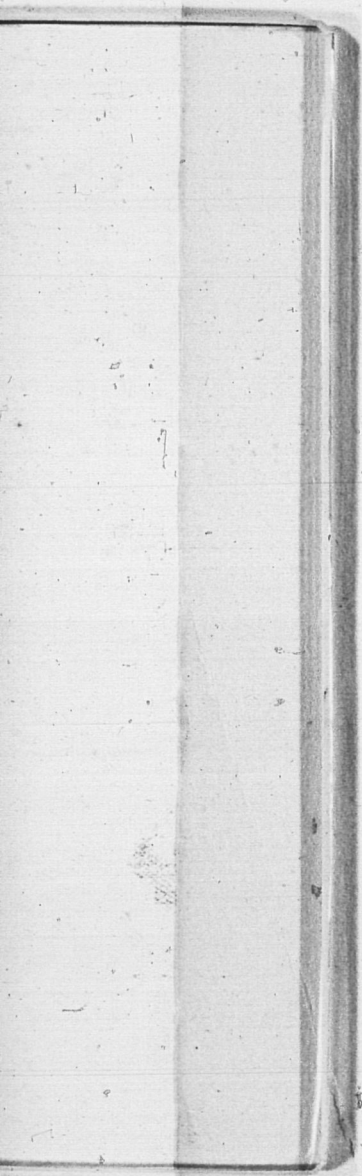
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